

MR. MICHIGAN STREETER
REMARKS

TO A LITTLE GIRL I KNOW.

Little girl with the laughing eyes,
What are you dreaming of?
A tumbling star or a harvest moon—
A night in a dim-remembered June—
A chorus from some old-fashioned tune—
Or is it, perchance, of love?

Little girl with the heart of gold,
Why does it beat so free?
For him that you used to call your beau
In the care-free land of Long Ago—
For another lad that you used to know—
Or is it, perhaps, for me?

Little girl, it's a queer old world,
And often we lose the way;
But when the sky seems thunder-blue,
If you'll trust in the things I do—
If you'll love me as I love you—
We'll laugh the tears away!

But we should offer a fitting reward to the person who informs us where Atty. George Kurtz gets that eternal red rose which has blossomed from the left lapel of his coat, winter and summer, since—well, surely since the days when they used to pluck 'em in the road in front of Spiro's.

Purely personal reasons deter us from commenting upon the Omaha incident where the mayor has upheld the right of elevator girls to wear georgette crepe waists if they wish.

But O, Aphrodite, no one can get mad at us for thinking!

And, apropos of the above, it would seem that even the elevator girls have their ups and downs.

While they're assigning reporters to discover who paid the rent of Madame Rip Van Winkle, and to find out where Mr. Crusoe went with Friday that Saturday night, let's send out a detail to determine whether or not history is correct in asserting that it was Mary's diminutive lamb which caused the rumpus in the little red schoolhouse.

Because it might have been her little calf!

THE OPEN TRAIL.

To some the city streets are soft—they never heed the turnings

But dash along with ne'er a song to render short the way;

You wonder as they briskly step if they have any yearnings

Beyond the thing they're racing for each everlasting day.

But I prefer the dusty trails that lead to Land of Nowhere—

The paths that Nature garlanded with her eternal hue—

The care-free roads, the dare-free roads that always seem to go where

The sun remains in hiding till it skirts across the blue.

For some the city noises make a music to their liking;

The subway roars a symphony that nestles in their ear;

It seems the racket spurs them on their never-ended hiking—

It seems the crashes bring to them a sort of friendly cheer.

But keep for me the thrill of birds at dawn on some broad highway,

Or lullaby of summer's breeze a-crooning through the trees;

The lilt of God's own orchestra in some untraveled by-way—

To me no other music seems one half so fine as these.

Perhaps it doesn't matter, though, whichever path we travel—

I like to think all roads will lead just where we aim to go;

I like to think that destinies, though trod on dirt or gravel,

Will be as we have fashioned them through heat and rain and snow;

But I shall cling to open trails where sunshine still is beaming—

Where dawn is worth the looking for and dusk has naught to fear—

Where one has time to do the things he fancies in his dreaming—

Where lips are light with laughter bright and hearts are filled with cheer!

Though the writer of these lines had long been of the opinion that the Divine Sarah was of French extraction, it would appear that Fred Dennis and his cohorts at the famous Frank farewell believed her to be a Greek.

So they placed her in a shoe shine shop.

Using liquor for one's own consumption certainly is using it for medicinal purposes.

But won't it cause an awful epidemic of consumption?

PORQUOI, ALORS?

It couldn't be her dimples,

For hosts of girls have had 'em

In all the vanished seasons

Since Eve appealed to Adam;

And surely in Killarney

On ancient tourist trips

I've heard the self-same blarney

From other laughing lips.

But tell me then, what is it
That turns me upside down
When Nora comes a tripping
Along the road to town?

It goes without my saying
That Spring is in her laughter
And that, wher'er she wanders
A sunbeam dances after;
But surely while on service
In other lands and far
No laughter made me nervous—
Nor sunshine left a scar!

So why should I start blushing
And feel so out of place
When on the dusty highway
I met her face to face?

Her eyes are blue, but listen,
I've seen all shades I'm thinkin'
From baby blue to polli
Without a sign of blinkin';
Her lips are red and merry,
As lips, of course, should be,
But lips outranked the cheery
When Paris sights were free!

I'll never know the reason,
Though long I can it o'er—
But this I know; I love her,
And who could ask for more?

—B. H. C. in American Legion Weekly.

YOUR HABITS DOWN TOWN

What Do You Know About South Bend Shoppers and Their Preferences as to Streets and Corners?

Not Much Team Work, It's Evident

Having read countless gobs in various funny columns about the lack of cooperation between author and illustrator, the photographer who was assigned on the accompanying story determined to show how a real illustrator can stick to the text. Having read the story in manuscript, he set out to get accurate illustrations thereof.

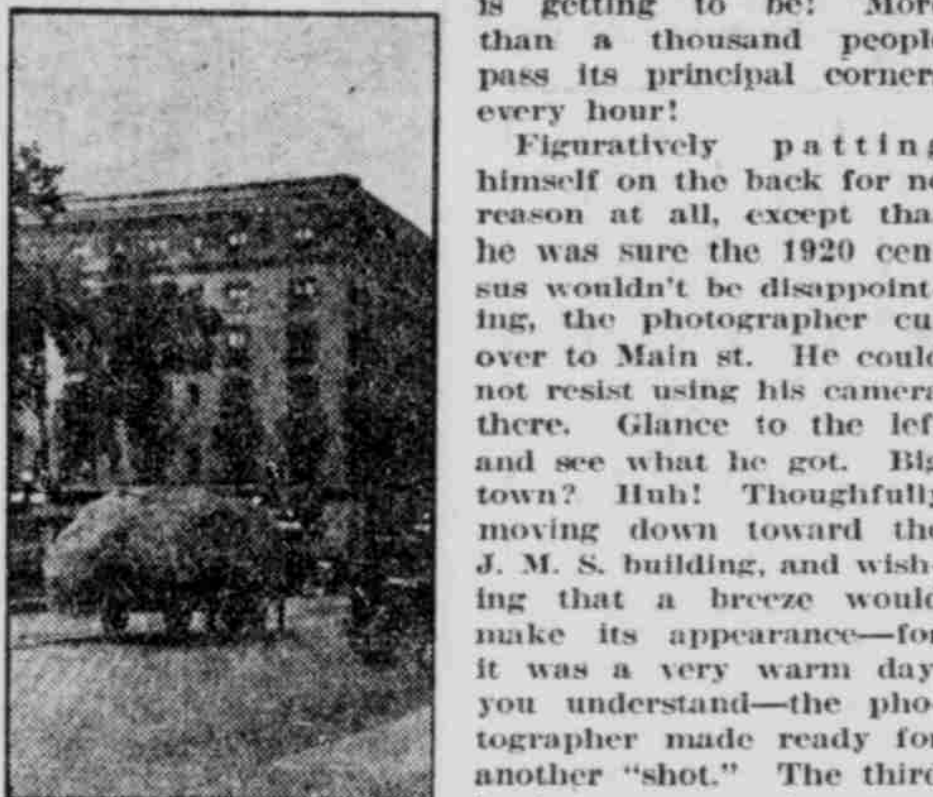
The southwest corner of Michigan and Jefferson is the busiest in town, according to Mr. Scully. Well, take a look at it, then:



This photograph was taken about 9 o'clock in the morning, and it wasn't Interurban day. Maybe that's why the building is so prominent. However, still determined to stick to the story as written, the photographer returned again to the scene, and got the following:



Which proves that Scully was right. The figures are supported by the camera.



his figures concerning industrial towns to tell him what the average expenditure of the worker would amount to. He learned of the city's other sources of

But the girls weren't out that morning, so he moved on to the "four corners," where, from the shadow of "Big Sam," he photographed as follows, to wit, viz:



Then, braving the dangers of traffic—which, take it from him, are worse on the sidewalk than on the street—he made the following snap to prove that Scully couldn't count:



Well, to make a long story short, the photographer wandered around looking for crowds where they should be and vacant sidewalks where THEY should be, but most of the time he didn't find them. However, after a slight intermission in his day's work, he went back in the afternoon and made this final exposure just to demonstrate why so many people pass the J. M. S. building during the afternoon:



You don't understand why? Neither does he.

trade, its colleges, its business institutions and its agricultural region.

Then he started to study habits. He learned just

how many people passed each of the sites he had in mind at several periods of the day. He learned just when the people of the city were in the habit of doing their shopping in his line. He found which side of Main st., and Washington av., and Michigan st. pedestrians used most; which they used in the morning and which in the afternoon. He stood at four intersections of downtown streets and counted the people to find which corner they used most in passing and where they congregated.

The figures that he produced may help Mr. South Bender in accounting for himself. They may tell him something about his native thoroughfares and his personal habits that he has been unable to see at close range. They were of such interest to a News-Times reporter that he went down on the streets and verified them for his own satisfaction.

A SUN-LOVING PEOPLE.

The first discovery he made was that South Benders are a sun-loving people in the early morning. That notwithstanding the fact that the east side is the shadiest side of Michigan st. at that time the west side remains the most popular with pedestrians. In the busiest block on the main thoroughfare 972 people passed on the west side between 9:30 and 10:30 a. m., while only 612 passed on the east side. At noon the number is more than trebled by the workers hurrying from the offices and shops. In the afternoon a survey



The west side of Michigan st., downtown, about 9:30 a. m. The other side is shady, but the awnings on this side furnish sufficient protection—at any rate, this is where the people pass.

of an hour, starting at 3 o'clock, showed that some were seeking the shade of the cooler west side, for at that time 1,770 passed on the west side, while only 881 used the east side. The hours between 3 and 5 were estimated as the busiest of the day in the downtown stores.

THE BUSIEST CORNER.

The second surprising feature was brought out in an hour spent at Michigan and Washington as compared with the same period of the day at Michigan and Jefferson. While a greater number of pedestrians pass over "The Four Corners," as the Michigan-Washington intersection is commonly known those using the southwest corner at Jefferson and Michigan numbered 1,236, while 1,202 used the southwest corner at Michigan and Washington, commonly supposed the busiest in the downtown district. This fallacy is accounted for by the fact that the crowds who take up their stand at "The Four Corners" to board street cars and taxis give the main intersection a busier appearance.

The third busiest corner downtown is at the J. M. S. building where 1,066 people passed in the period, while 1,202 passed at Michigan and Washington, and 1,236 at Michigan and Jefferson.

Art Courses in South Bend Schools Aim to Develop Aesthetic Appreciation and Encourage More Intelligent Art in Trade

As given in an interview with Miss Mabel Arbuckle and reported by Mary Vitou.

America is essentially a nation dominated by the creed of the Utilitarian, a creed, however, which has become so broad in its scope that it seeks to incorporate in its purpose the aesthetic qualities of the fine arts, a field which heretofore was regarded as consecrated to the efforts of a few rare souls of distinguished ability and unparalleled genius. In America art has, up to the last decade, been imported from an older civilization and has been accessible only to those who were fortunate enough to have opportunities of visiting the museums or the homes of the wealthy. Largely due to our lack of appreciation and our almost negligible influence on production, is our youth as a country, the universal efforts of our people have been concentrated on the organization of our social, industrial and political life, we have been too busy to devote time and thought to an intelligent consideration of the finer, aesthetic side of life. Into this period then steps the timely modernist who strives to invest every home with a practical esteem for the arts.

To just what extent South Bend has become a powerful influence in the realm of vocational art is slightly realized even by its own residents. During the past seven years in the public schools, a practical course of artistic study and application has been developed under the supervision of Miss Mabel Arbuckle, director of the art and manual courses in the elementary grades and in the high school.

AIM AND SCOPE OF COURSES.

The aims and scope of the art education courses in

the South Bend public schools were explained by Miss Arbuckle in an interview granted previous to her departure from this city to Detroit, Mich., where she has accepted a position as art instructor in the "platoon schools" of that city. "The purpose and aims of the art course as directed in the South Bend schools is two-fold, cultural and industrial. Cultural for the average child who is to become the consumer; instilling in him a knowledge and ability to enjoy beauty in nature and art, knowledge of color harmony, the underlying principles of good design and good workmanship, the fitness of design to material and material to purpose, the ability to apply knowledge to civic improvement, simple, sincere architecture in houses and careful planning and planting of gardens, quiet, harmonious colors, good proportions, simple construction and appropriate furnishings in the houses, expressions of good taste in dress, color, design, material and fitness to purpose. The aim then of the art study is to bring beauty into the every day living of each and every future citizen from the humblest to the most prosperous. These pupils," continued Miss Arbuckle, "are surrounded by art in good or bad form in their ordinary environment and they are continually called upon to choose in the commonplace affairs of life. The development of a discriminating judgment and a knowledge and application of the same to the lives and interests of the students is the purpose of the art education in the South Bend school system."

TO DEVELOP APPRECIATION.

In the broadest sense the endeavor of the art work

in the schools is to develop in the city's future citizens an aesthetic appreciation and a discriminating judgment, to raise the standard of the public taste in all its environment both personal and civic for a better, bigger, happier, more beautiful and more prosperous city.

The art work under the tutelage of Miss Arbuckle has become closely allied with the vocational work, incongruent as the two courses at first thought may appear. It is here that the modern student has utilized the aesthetic for the benefit of the development of the beautiful in the most ordinary tasks and surroundings of the American public.

In order to make the work of the art department thoroughly practical Miss Arbuckle has introduced the fundamental principles of her method of instruction to the youngest child in the elementary grades and to the student completely lacking in any rudiments of artistic talent or even wholly wanting in appreciation and has created in the same pupils an active creative ability for the application of her principles to the common place problems which the child faces in his usual work or studies. Miss Arbuckle has carried her system through the primary grades into the high school in a consistent fashion that produces an incentive for the continuation of the artistic study during the entire course of the student's school life. It is the opinion of art educators that there is little actual talent among the scholars in our public schools and that to force a course of study upon disinclined minds would be absolute folly. However, to meet

the need of creating a finer sense of appreciation Miss Arbuckle devised her present method of practical application, which not only holds the interest of her students but is instilling in them an inventive power subject to artistic persuasion.

TEACHERS SPECIALLY TRAINED.

At the beginning of the recently closed school year, Supt. W. W. Borden, realizing the importance of art education in the schools advocated the procuring of specially trained teachers for the art instruction, acting upon his instruction the teaching force of the department was augmented and grade teachers from the fourth grade and above were relieved of the work in which they had no special training and often no ability. The present personnel of the art department includes, one supervisor, eight special teachers and four departmental instructors. In the grades the art work is included in the general curriculum, in the junior high school the work is differentiated for the girls and boys, the classes being separated. The work is required for the girls and elective for the boys. The work in the high school is elective and embraces a full four years' course which may be pursued along one phase of the subject selected for two years. It is during the high school period that the student receives the most constructive vocational instruction, for here the course results in actual creative production. The high school course seeks to coordinate with the other departments of the school thus materializing in

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